SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Song of the Fountain.

"The soul whereon these high gifts are shed,
May faint in solitude."—*Mrs. Hemans.*

A fairy gift in the green-wood heart,
I shower my diamond spray,
And catch the sunbeams, as zephyrs part
The leaves, that o'er me play.

The violet sheds its pale blue light
My silver pool beside,
And the white lily flings its cup
To gleam upon the tide.

'Tis me the ring-dove comes at noon,
To lave her snowy wing,
And folds it to the boughs above,
When stars are glistening.

No group from Fashion's palace halls
E'er graced my lonely grot,
And jewel'd robe, and glancing plume,
My wave hath mirror'd not.

One hand alone hath pluck'd the flowers,
Enwreathing my retreat,
One only voice breath'd on the air,
In music low and sweet.

I see thee still!—thy bright pale brow,
Where thought a halo set,
The spirit light of that dark eye,
With beauty haunts me yet!

Thine was the Poet's lovely dower,
The Poet's mournful lot,—
The heart a deep wealth of starry lore,
The dreams Earth blesses not.

Oh! was not mine a glorious fate—
The long long summer day,
To list to the immortal strains,
Pour'd thro' each fervent lay?

The hues shed o'er earth radiant page
Are gather'd not of Earth,
Mid those that light a fairer realm,
Was found their angel birth.

And he upon whose soul they beam'd,
Could linger here not long—
Not long to fling celestial pearl,
To a cold, worldly throng.

Ay! even as day by day, he strung,
Gems from the spirit's mine,
To wreathe a coronal, whose light,
Above his name should shine.

I saw a fearful beauty burn,
A sudden, fitful bloom,
Upon the cheek;—full soon I knew
The hectic of the tomb!

I, I alone saw death's dim shade,
Over each feature creep,
Mark'd the pale eyelid's raven lash,
Close in its last, lost sleep.—

The parent, who had bless'd his youth,
Dwelt far beyond the sea—
A peasant found the lifeless form,
And made a grave by me.

No marble marks his rest—yet here
I pour my heart away
The lonely sepulchre to cheer,
Which holds his hallow'd clay.

Waterville, Me. L. H. H.

From the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. V.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Childe Harold.

THE CHASE.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life."
Corsair.

A week or more passed, heavily enough for our impatient crew, but full of pleasure to myself. Since my acquaintance with Isabel a change seemed to have come over me. A strange thing was this intimacy of ours. Three weeks had scarcely passed since we first met, and yet it seemed already as if I had known her for years. Days of pure, unalloyed felicity were they.

At first I had fancied I was not indifferent to the beautiful girl, but after awhile her actions led me to fear that I had deceived myself, and I began to see in her deportment toward Jack especially, a frankness which she had once shewn toward myself, and which had now given way to a singular reserve, almost amounting to coldness.—While she would listen eagerly to his words, take his proffered arm with ready thanks, and even often gaily beckon him to her upon coming on deck,—she never accepted my aid without something of embarrassment, and seemed studiously to shun my presence. This change from the open frankness of our earlier intimacy, was gradual but certain. To me it was incomprehensible. Often I resolved boldly to ascertain the cause, but my courage always failed at the very moment it was requisite. No sooner would I mention her name than, perhaps, she would start, blush, and dropping her eyes downward, seem to be unwilling to protract the *tete-a-tete*, until Jack would come up, and with a gay sally, begin a conversation, which soon left me no hope of explanation. At other times she would lose this reserve, gradually become even animated, and be all that she was in the first days of our acquaintance. Once or twice when she and Jack were conversing gaily together, and I was brooding silently apart, I caught her dark eye directed toward me, and as it fell before my gaze, I could see the blood mount to her brow, like a gush of rosy sunlight. Was she angry with me?—I often asked at such times. I was puzzled. Even amid it all there were moments, blissful moments, when I thought she loved me, but another hour dissipated the dream, and I was once more a prey to an uncertainty, that threatened only to change into despair.

Meanwhile, as our cruise had been somewhat protracted, it became necessary to run into some neutral port, for the purpose of obtaining stores; and the harbor of ——, being the one most convenient to our station, we put our gallant schooner before the wind, and ran down toward the bay. This determination opened a prospect for Mr. Thornton's return to England, and after some consultations with the captain, it was resolved that Isabel and her father should dis-embark at ——, in order to await the chance of a passage to London.

What pen can describe my sensations upon hearing this arrangement. I should lose Isabel, and perhaps forever. They who have loved for the first time can only picture my feelings. To add to all, I was yet uncertain whether my passion was reciprocated. I was tortured by a thousand uneasy fears.

It was a lovely evening. The wind was light; the seas were sparkling in the moonlight; and the distant island lay like a haze on the far off horizon. The moon was in the full, and sailing through a cloudless sky above, bathed the silent deep in floods of melting light. There was a holy, hushed, reverential awe upon all, and even the forecastle was buried in silence, except when a stifled laugh broke upon the stillness, or the voice of some old salt became excited in a yarn. For some time Isabel and her father had been promenading the deck, but after awhile he went below, and I suddenly found myself standing beside her. There was not another soul in that part of the ship. I was embarrassed, and I saw it was mutual. The moment I had longed for was now come, and yet I found myself unable to avail myself of it. I know not what I said, I never could remember, but I offered her my arm. She thanked me, took it, and there ensued a painful silence. At last, grown desperate, I made some remark about our contemplated separation.

"Yes," said she gaily, seeming to rally herself from her embarrassment, "but we shall meet again, shan't we?" "I know not," I answered, half satisfied by the very tone she used, "when fate may call me to England—certainly not till peace, and by that time," and I too strove to speak gaily, though I felt but little like it, "you will perhaps be unable to recognise—"

"Why?" said she, half reproachfully, stopping and looking full into my face. It was a look I shall never forget,—it made my brain whirl again.

"Oh!" I replied, still with assumed gaiety, and with the reckless boldness of the sailor, "by that time I shall have to enquire not for Miss Thornton, but for Mrs. ——"

"Pshaw!" said she, pettishly giving my arm an impatient jerk, and then walking silently beside me, as if half offended. I grew puzzled,—then a light seemed breaking in upon me. Could it indeed be that she loved me?

"And perhaps," I continued, lowering my voice, "if ever we should meet again, Isabel Thornton in the whirl of gaiety and fashion, will scarcely remember the poor midshipman, whose only fortune is his sword."

For an instant she did not reply, but I fancied I heard a half-stifled sigh.

"Indeed you wrong me," she said earnestly, "believe me, I cannot forget you so soon, I shall always be proud to rank you as—as one of my—" she hesitated a moment, and then added, "my best friends." It was a dangerous topic, and I scarce knew what to reply. Though every pulse beat wildly with sudden hope, yet even then I felt if she loved me, honor would prevent me from urging my suit. She was wealthy, I was penniless. It would be the basest of actions to take advantage of my saving her life, and win from her a confession her parent might not approve. Even at this intoxicating moment these thoughts rushed through my mind,—but I know not what might have been the event had not the look-out sang forth at that instant, in tones that startled every one,

"A sail, broad on the weather beam."

And turning in that direction, we saw, glancing in the moonlight, the huge mainsail of a vessel, apparently larger than our own, and which until this moment had remained undiscovered. The surprise suspended our conversation, and as Mr. Thornton instantly appeared on deck, I lost all opportunity of conversing with his daughter.—Indeed the exciting scene that soon ensued, and the duties I was called upon to perform, drove even our late *tete-a-tete*, deeply interesting as it was becoming, momentarily from my mind.

The strange sail had evidently been bound for the harbor of ——, which as I have said before lay off some leagues to leeward,—but as soon as we observed her our helm was put down, and wearing round we ran across her forefoot, cutting off all hope of reaching her destination, and forcing her, by the manœuvre, to follow our example, in order to avoid a raking. She was still, however, too far distant to sustain much injury from any fire, but she seemed at once to be satisfied that her best reliance was upon her speed. We could see, however, that her ports equalled our own, and we knew her size to be superior. Her conduct, in avoiding a fight, seemed inexplicable, and would have made any other man than Captain Drew suspect foul play, or at least a stratagem. But his daring was second only to his energy. He stood a minute reconnoitering the stranger, and when he saw her haul every thing close, and go off dead to windward, he thundered forth,

"Jam down the helm—haul in the sheets,—lay every thing down close there and we'll see my brave fellows, who'll eat into the wind the fastest."

There is scarcely a more exciting thing than a well sustained chase, and accordingly every one on board gazed with breathless interest upon it. As it progressed, it grew more and more exciting, especially until an hour or two had tested our relative powers. The stranger, at his first going off, had set the red-cross as a bravado, and we answered it at once by hoisting the stars and stripes, and throwing a shot from our long gun after him. He was a large, clipper-looking craft, of exquisite run and rig, with every thing drawing aloft and alow; and a gallanter sight could not be imagined than to see him bending almost to the horizon, as he ran off within a point or two of the wind, now driving his gunwales far under water, and then swinging his reed-like masts upward as he recovered from the flaw. Our own craft had always boasted of this point of her sailing; but even her captain was forced to confess that she had at last found her match. An hour passed in exciting suspense. At times we fancied we were nearing her, and then again it was evident we were dropping astern. To increase our speed every inch of canvass was wet down, but we soon saw that our enemy was following our example. Now the wind seemed to strengthen and give us the advantage, and then again it would lull, and our antagonist recovering, would go off again with renewed velocity. The success and disappointment, the hope and despair, the alternate fluctuations, of a hundred feelings, kept us in a state of continued excitement, until all on board seemed regardless of time, and wrapt only in the excitement of the chase.

"By the powers," exclaimed the captain, "but she sails well,—a sea-bird could'nt go into the wind better. Long as I've been upon the sea, I never before saw a craft that had any thing like an equality with The Storm. That schooner yonder, is Baltimore built, I'll swear—"

"Why Captain," said Mr. Thornton laughingly, who had heard the remark, "is n't it possible that we Britons, bad as we are, might launch a fast-sailor too?"

"Pardon me," said my superior, good-humoredly, "I had no idea you were nigh. But you know all nations have their prejudices, and we yankees, as you call us, have one about those same Baltimore clippers."

"Well, you are half right I believe," he answered, "for I think I know that craft, and if so, I may safely say she cannot be caught. A faster clipper never left port. She's a privateer—the Mermaid."

"Then she's ours," exclaimed the captain, "for such a racer will play the deuce in these seas. We must keep up the chase if it lasts till Christmas."

Deeply interesting as the chase was, there seemed little probability of determining it for hours. The moon meanwhile, was nearly down; the land to leeward gradually faded in the distance; nothing but the vast outline of the sea met the eye in every quarter; and one by one the spectators went below, until none were left above except the watch. Silence reigned on the late peopled deck, the seas were buried in the hush of midnight, and no sound was heard breaking the stillness, except the whistle of the wind through the rigging, and the rush of the waves along the side. I forgot instantly the chase and all connected with it,—I recurred to the conversation that evening with Isabel; and I felt a lightness, a gaiety of heart, in fancying myself beloved, such as I had never before experienced, and which even now I cannot describe. There was little in what she had said,—but then it was the manner. Love, like dying men, will catch at straws,—and I already fancied myself beloved. Yet I determined to do nothing dishonourable, and carefully to abstain from any entanglement her parent might disapprove. I could not dream of marriage for years to come, and with a sigh, I felt that after all, Isabel could never be mine. A day or more would separate us, and in all probability forever. As I thought of this I almost repeated my resolution, determining to win, not in looks but in words, the avowal of her love. But then my better genius came to my aid, and I vowed, come what might, never to tarnish my honor, the only heritage, alas! that fate had left me. My feelings alternating thus between pleasure and sadness, left me in no enviable state, and when my watch was up I retired to my hammock, almost repining at destiny. As I turned to look upon the stranger, I could just see her, dim and uncertain, looming like a dark shadow upon the horizon, still eating into the wind, and seemingly just where she was a couple of hours before.

"Where's the chase now, Jack?" said Irvine sleepily, as his fellow came down to rouse him for the morning watch, waking me, by the noise, from a broken sleep, in which I had dreamed of the stranger, Isabel, Westminster Abbey, and a whole score of wild and half-remembered nonsense.

"Still to windward I fancy, but the fact is it's so dark that we hav n't seen him this half hour."

The morning was just breaking when I went on deck. The sky was streaked with ragged clouds, and a mist brooded far and near over the waters. We were still holding on to windward, but the stranger was altogether lost sight of, and even when the fog gradually rose from the sea it was impossible to discern him in his expected position. We looked, stared at each other, and at length, at a sudden exclamation from the look-out, laughed outright. The privateer had passed us to leeward in the darkness, and was now seen skimming away toward the port we had left some twelve hours before. He was already well down on the horizon, and the chances of overtaking him seemed absolutely nothing. The order, however, was given, we came gallantly round, filled after our foe, and went sweeping down toward him like an eagle darting after his prey.

The bustle of the chase soon brought all on deck, and for awhile the excitement of the preceding evening seemed rivalled. Though our foe sailed surprisingly well before the wind, it was evident that we were gaining upon him, and before many hours had elapsed, would overhaul him in despite of his efforts. The coast, meanwhile, as the morning advanced, could once more be seen rising like a dim cloud ahead; and as we drew nearer, increasing to a bolder outline, until at length it stood forth clear, dark, and massy, in all its profile of rugged hills and intervening vallies. It was yet, however, far away, when we found ourselves ranging within cannon shot of our foe. But we could not open our fire without lessening our speed. Accordingly we held on with every thing straining, determined if possible to cut out our enemy before he could reach the neutral waters. Nor were we without hopes of success. The wind lulled for a moment, veered a point or two uncertainly about, and then came out blowing strong from a quarter which forced the stranger, instead of seeking the protection of the highlands, to run along the coast in order to avoid an action. We soon saw too that we sailed the better the stronger it blew; and though the gale increased, Captain Drew, with his characteristic hardihood, refused to reef a sail, until we were spanking along with every thing cracking aloft, and the water whizzing past us as we darted like an arrow on. Our men partaking of the excitement, gathered forward in eager groups, and we could see by their impatience, longed for a fair fight with the stranger. But their wishes were soon to be gratified—the crisis of the chase was rapidly approaching.

The sudden change of the wind had been one of those little accidents which often occur; but in the present instance, it decided, perhaps, the fate of the pursuit. By veering more landward the breeze had forced the privateer partly off the coast, and consequently, had given us a chance of getting partially between him and the land. Our quick sighted commander saw at once the advantage, and availed himself of it on the instant. Holding boldly on our way, in spite of the foe, we soon gained a position by which, without actually seeming to do so, we were yet able to choose our relative stations. We did not gain this, however, without a broadside from the privateer; but we only answered with our long Tom, hauled after the schooner, and once more gave ourselves up to the chase.

"Huzza! my lads," cried the excited Captain, "we have them now at our mercy, and can force the scoundrels to fight whether or no—what say you Mr. Jones, eh?"

"Their last chance is up, sir,—but see, the desperadoes! they are about to make a bold push to get into the harbor—look there, they go about—they fire their long guns in passing, they hoist a jack at every mast-head, and now, by the honor of our flag, they are dead in for the coast."

"It is even so," coolly ejaculated the captain, "but let them pepper away—we'll not waste powder at such a distance, but see if we cannot cut them off,—let the ship be cleared for action though, and then beat to quarters. Quarter master down with your helm."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response, and coming up a point or two, we began gradually to edge in toward the coast, gaining rapidly upon the schooner, whose track now lay across our starboard bow, in order to get between the headland, that lying right ahead of us, offered to her the only chance of safety. As the slightest glance of our relative positions will shew, our only hope of success was in running in before her, driving her to sea again, or commencing the action in earnest. For if we should fail in getting between her and the land, she would certainly hazard the risk of our broadside, when, if undamaged, a few moments would place her within the neutral waters. It was a trial of skill,—and it passed rapidly and breathlessly. We were now within pistol shot of the stranger, and yet, so eager were both to get the lead that not a gun had been fired. The old quarter-master kept his eye undeviatingly fixed ahead, the captain watched with equal eagerness our chances, and every man of our now silent crew, stood with his match-lock ready, and his cutlass at his side, prepared either to open our fire, or board at the given signal.

"Are the grapnels prepared?" whispered the captain to me, as I came aft.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Is all ready for boarding, Mr. Jones?"

"Every thing, sir!"

"What ship is that?" thundered the captain on the instant leaping upon a gun, as we darted up to the stranger's bow, "haul down your colors to The Schooner Storm, of the United States Navy."

"Give it to them there fore and aft, my hearts of oak," roared back the captain of the privateer, gallantly leaping into his main rigging, and shewing the lion courage of a brave man, now that he saw his escape was inevitable, "pour it into them like hail, and the day's ours." And as he spoke a terrific fire was opened with the heavy metal of his schooner, that convinced us we had engaged one far our superior, and made us for a moment stagger beneath it. But our brave leader had foreseen as much, and had made preparation to carry him by boarding. Nor did his sagacity fail him. As we dashed up to the stranger's bow, despite the fiery hail around us, we took the wind for a moment from the sails of our foe, he dropped astern, we ran into his fore-chains, fell alongside, were instantly entangled with his rigging, and before the privateer could recover from his surprise, the order to let go the grapnels had been given, we were fast to our foe, and then springing into the rigging, our captain waved his sword aloft, shouted in a voice of thunder,

"Boarders, away there!"

And followed by scores of men, he leaped upon the deck of the stranger, cutting, hewing, and clearing his way before him, until with his gallant followers, he had driven the startled, and half disciplined crew, back upon the quarter deck of their ship. Here they made a desperate rally, and their leader fought with the bravery of despair. But they never recovered their surprise, and taken in the flank by a new swarm of boarders from our craft, were soon driven down the hatches, until not a man but the captain was left to dispute the deck. He too was wounded, and forced to give up his sword. With his own hands our captain hauled down the British flag—and then a roar of wild huzzas went up till the welkin echoed with the sound.

Our surprise that a vessel so much our superior should avoid a combat, was soon accounted for from her being only partially manned, and having besides a rich booty on board. Still, however, her crew out-numbered our own, and I can only account for the ease of our victory, by the panic ensuing upon our bold and daring attempt. I had no doubt then, as indeed I subsequently learned, that our force was imagined to be far greater than it really was. As one of the prisoners grumbled, an old salt by-the-bye who had sailed with Nelson—"he'd fight as long as any one, but he could n't stand men who charged like devils."

As Mr. Jones had been wounded, I was given the command of the prize, and we then bore up in company for ———. In a few hours, amid a salute from the port, we both anchored in the harbor.

The duties of my command were so urgent that I had scarcely a moment to spare, and consequently saw little of Isabel before her departure. As there was a larger port a short travel up the coast, from which there would be a better chance of a passage to London or Jamaica, Mr. Thornton resolved to go there at once, and await the first opportunity. The second day after we got in he took leave of us and departed. I could only spare the half hour that saw them start. Never shall I forget the kindness of the old man, or the profusion of his thanks. Isabel said less but she looked sad. What could make me happier?

"And so we will take no excuse, my young preserver," said Mr. Thornton in conclusion, "but come to see us you *must*. This war will, it must soon end. We shall hear often from each other I trust, and when I am too idle to be your correspondent, I shall press Isabel into my service," and regardless of the crimson that dyed her cheek as he proceeded, he continued, "she will make a readier, and I fancy, quite as pleasant a letter-writer—won't you my love? Ah! you need n't mind being my amanuensis. But now we must part. God bless you, my young friend,—depend upon it if ever you want a friend, old John Thornton, of Thornton Hall, Sussex, will stand by you, as you sailors have it, till the last timber deserts you. Again God bless you."

"Farewell," I could scarcely gasp, grasping his hand, "farewell, Isabel," and then in a whisper, I added hurriedly, as I pressed the fair girl's hand, "heaven bless you, will you sometimes think of me, Isabel?"

"Oh! yes—" she whispered involuntarily, faintly returning the pressure, "but too—too often," and with eyes suffused with tears, the carriage started, she waved her handkerchief, her father bowed, they were whirled away, and for a moment I stood looking after them, scarce conscious that it was not all a dream. One delightful emotion pervaded my frame—the consciousness that I was beloved. It came at the moment of parting, and in such a guise as could not be misunderstood. That last look,—the sigh, the tear, the hurried word formed thereafter, the theme of daily reveries, and nightly dreams. I resolved to win a name which Isabel might deserve. From that hour I became a new being. I was no longer the careless reefer, but restless and ambitious, I coveted distinction, and longed for success in my profession. Years rolled by, and still my load star was Isabel. I mingled with the proud, the rich, and beautiful, and yet I met none that thrilled me like her. The very name of Isabel, if it fell casually upon my ear, made every nerve tingle. I had made it the altar of my heart;—did she, I often asked myself, still remember me? But I anticipate.

Our preparations in ———, were soon finished. It was resolved that lieutenant Jones should return home in our last prize,—and that, as the commodore had left no orders for us at the rendezvous, we should proceed in a cruise farther north, shaping our course as convenience might from time to time dictate. As I was the oldest midshipman on board, I succeeded Mr. Jones, and became acting lieutenant of the Storm. Already was the first prophecy of my good old commodore fulfilled.

A Ballad.

BY MISS M. MILES.

A ladye sat in her lonely bower,
A ladye fair and young,
Her silent lute hung on the wall—
Its chords were all unstrung!

A tear-drop fell from the ladye's eye
On the rose-bud in her hand,
Her brow was pale, as the evening air
Its beauty gently fanned!

Why flushed the ladye's cheek o'en like—
The tinge at sunset given?
Why beamed the ladye's raven eye—
As at a glimpse of heaven?

A youthful knight is at her feet,
With silver helm and shield!
Won from the Eastern Warrior
In many a bloody field.

I've fought 'neath Syria's burning sky,
And ladye, I have borne,
Thy favor, when the ground was strew'd
With slain, and banners torn.

I come the promised boon to crave,
And by the cross, and sword!
My heart is true to my ladye love,
And pure my knightly word!

The ladye's dark eye fill'd with tears,
Sir Knight, Sir Knight, said she,
The flower of England's gallant host!
Renown'd in chivalry!

My heart in early youth you won,
The noble and the brave!
And ere you sought that distant land
My maiden troth, I gave.

My father's shield hangs on the wall,
And rusted is his spear,
My broad lands to my kinsman pass'd,
I shed the Orphan's tear!

I'll lead thee to my castle hall!
My mother waits thee there;
Tho' name and land have pass'd away,
Still ladye thou art dear!

He led her to his Castle proud,
To his stately mother's side,
And the merry vassals drain'd their cups—
To Lord Rupert's gentle bride!

Boston, Dec. 1839.

Sailor's Epitaph.

Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
Not cast away, but brought to anchor here;
Storms had o'erwhelmed him, but the conscious wave
Repented, and resign'd him to the grave;
In harbor, safe from shipwreck, now he lies,
"Till Time's last signal blazes through the skies;"
Refitted in a moment, then shall he
Sail from this Port on an eternal sea.

Monody.

BY MORTON M'MICHAEL, ESQ.

Departed one, farewell!
A long—a last farewell we bid thee now;
Pale death has set his signet on thy brow;
And in that dreamless cell,
Where worn mortality casts off its woes,
In blest oblivion of all earthly throes,
Where but the lifeless dwell,
Thou hast laid down in everlasting rest;
Care cannot reach thee now, nor grief distract thy breast.

Unfortunate! thy soul
Was nobler far than men's of common mould;
But, through thy heart a tide of feeling roll'd
That might not brook control,
Nor be restrained in its impetuous course,
But onward rushed, as bounds an Arab horse
Seeking his destined goal;
Thy spirit sought renown, and this to gain
Thou didst encounter toil, and penury, and pain.

Alas! that men should bow
So slavishly before the phantom Fame;
Or feverish thirst of an immortal name,
Have power to scathe the brow
With the deep lines of premature decay,
Those outward tokens which too well display
What words may not avow,
The inly spirit's travail, and the pain
That rolls in floods of fire across the aching brain.

Thine was a hopeless fate!
Though Genius girt thee with a magic spell,
And bright eyed Fancy loved with thee to dwell,
And thy wrapt mind, elate,
Borne upward on its viewless wings would soar
The empyrean through, and all its heights explore;
Yet could'st thou not create,
With all thy gifted skill, the deathless name
For which thy bosom burn'd, with an absorbing flame.

Thou wert but young to die!
Yet brief and transient all thy life hath been,
In gazing o'er its many-colored scene,
Too much we may descry
Of deep and wasting care, and the keen sense
Of injury and wrong, corroding and intense.
Then better thus to lie
In thine appointed house, the narrow grave,
Than be to this cold world a victim or a slave.

Lamented one! fond eyes
Have wept for thee till all their founts were dry,
And from fond lips hath burst the thrilling cry,
And moans and choking sighs
Have swell'd the anguish'd heart, and that deep grief,
To which nor time nor change can bring relief;
Untimely sacrifice!
Friendship hath pour'd for thee the willing tear,
And strangers mourned thy doom standing beside thy bier.

Yet let us not repine;
Thy loss of earth to thee is heavenly gain;
Thou hast exchanged a state of wo and pain,
For one that's all divine;
And springing from the darkness of thy clay,
Uprisen to a new and glorious day;
The place of rest is thine—
Thy race is o'er—thou hast obtained the goal,
Where mortal sin and strife no more possess control.

From the London Keepsake, for 1840.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

BY SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.

The family of Diodarto de Cinci had fallen under the displeasure of the Doge, they having been more than suspected of what were deemed treasonable attempts at displacing the tyrannical power which held Venice in its iron grasp. Banishment of its members, and confiscation of their property, had by degrees reduced that once powerful house to comparative ruin. The head of it was in a state of mental imbecility, and the immediate heir an exile, supposed to be under a fearful ban, or (as was not less commonly believed) to have been privately made way with. Beatrice, an only daughter, was left a sort of presumptive heiress; but actually the possessor only of matchless beauty, a sensibility fatal to her peace, and a flight of talent equalled only by the energy and loftiness of her character. Witchery surrounded her,—she was considered a dangerous beauty, an object of great attraction, but one, with whom the prudent and the wise deterred the young over whom they ruled, from intimacy or correction; and the displeasure of the Doge being certain to fall on any that took part with the family of Beatrice de Cenci, she was in a manner proscribed. There are, however, or rather there have been (for in these utilitarian days it is less common) romantic spirits in whose estimation tyranny and oppression invest their victims with a thousand charms; and she whom they are told, they dare not, must not love, becomes an object of idolatry, and doubly endeared by the danger which surrounds the attempt.

Whilst Poland yet was, she produced many a gallant chief, many an ardent spirit; and Altamont Larinsky was one. Illustrious by birth, the gifted owner of many broad lands and rich possessions, he had been for some time a denizen of Venice, an apt subject for romance; and no long time elapsed ere the spell of this enchantress fell upon him. The mysterious and infatuating descriptions of the singularity and the dangerous charms of Beatrice de Cinci, created in his imaginative mind a restless longing for her acquaintances, which was confirmed by a casual view of her at mass. He became enamored of a fancied object, for as yet she was little more than as a vision seen in a dream; but the figure in that dream haunted him by day, and hovered round his pillow through the live-long night!

Venice was the paradise of priests and spies: they played each other's game. Through the agency of the latter fraternity, Larinsky became acquainted with the confessor to the family; a golden key unlocked the churchman's breast, and he gained some knowledge of the character, education, temper, and habits of the syren, Beatrice.

Through the same channel the history of Larinsky, full of stirring and interesting incident, was conveyed to Beatrice; and their meeting, contrived to bear the character of accident, was productive of the most favorable impressions on both, thus mutually prepared for reciprocal captivation.

The beauty of Beatrice was peculiar;—her spirit shone through her;—her action was thought, and every movement an inspiration;—her form was classic, and her complexion pale as the marble statue beneath which she stood when Larinsky first beheld her. Her tresses of a golden brown, her high and ample forehead, and the dark lashes which fringed her languid eyes, so marked her countenance, that, once seen, she could never be forgotten.

Larinsky was irretrievably in love before he asked his reason whether his eyes had not betrayed his heart. Of a fiery temperament, open as day in all his dealings, and frank almost to rashness, he attempted not to conceal that his affections and estate were hers, and at her disposal.

Not so the lady. By no means insensible to the incense offered at the shrine of her beauty, nor regardless of the merits of her admirer, yet she betrayed no weakness. The impression, however, which in her earliest intercourse was conveyed to his mind by the singularity of her manner, never varied; a jealous doubt was awakened, a hesitation in the belief that she would really love, or ever give her undivided heart in the exchange for that which she had so fatally ensnared. Larinsky saw and felt all this, but his passion blindly urged him on, and his vanity assured him that devotion must ensure return. What were her secret thoughts we know not; that she really loved Larinsky we believe, but we dare not swear it. In answer to all his outpourings which affection made eloquent, she would gaze upon him with a fixed and somewhat starting look, and say—"Beware of me—I am not made for happiness, neither to possess, nor to bestow it. I am an offset from a blighted stock!"

"But," urged he, "I will transplant thee to a [illegible] garden which none but zephyrs visit, and there!"

Let us however hasten to events. They were married; and the establishment of Larinsky was the admiration of one half of the city of Venice, and the envy of the other; while the malice of the government seemed to derive fresh virulence from the success of any part of the proscribed family.

Larinsky had no eyes but for the beauty and the loveliness of his bride, no ears but for the music of her low and plaintive voice. She was all that man could desire in feature and in mind; yet to one whose ardent temperament and passionate love, having won much, still craved for more,—that more was wanting. There was not that perfect abandonment of body and soul, that absence of all reserve, which is perhaps but an ideal passion,—yet the want existed. Like the speck sometimes seen in the horizon, which small at first, soon spreads into a cloud, so this mistrust daily gained possession of Larinsky's mind, and marred his happiness. She placed not implicit confidence in him,—roamed alone,—sought solitude oftener than was agreeable to him, and to his jealousy; not jealously in the common vulgar sense, but that exquisite susceptibility which only true love feels. He fancied she had something to conceal; he occasionally observed her eyes were glistening with a tear, and oft he could in her sleep detect a sigh. Yet she was all generous kindness; and truth and innocence, like guardian angels, seemed to hover round her. Oh! who could gaze upon that open brow or witness that guiltless smile, and for a moment entertain distrust? Then why was not Larinsky happy? Why not content with the blessings he enjoyed? Ask the god of love, and he will tell you that nothing less than all will satisfy the cormorant heart; he will shew you that nothing is gained whilst aught is left to win. Then why did not Larinsky question her? Why not lay open all his feelings, and by a word dissipate the floating vapor which sometimes dimmed the mirror of his happiness? It is, alas! that true love cannot speak of doubt—cannot descend to a common category; thus many a heart has been lost for want of a simple question, and that exquisite refinement which constitutes the great charm of the tender passion, sometimes generates the fatal worm that corrodes the flower.

Beatrice was devout, punctual in her attendance at mass, and always preferred going alone, and her absences were sometimes longer than the services of the church were supposed to occupy. A land of spies is a land accursed, and the anonymous assailer of character is to be more abhorred than the assassin.

Larinsky was preparing on a festal afternoon to dress for the evening entertainment, when he found a billet on his toilet table addressed to himself; the handwriting was unknown to him, and the device of the seal singular. He hesitated to open it—such things sometimes occur—an instinctive wavering of all seems to give a sort of second sight. Larinsky chid himself for such weakness and opened the billet. The venom it contained was wrapped in these words—

"There are more confessors in churches than wear cowls."

It angered him. "Impertinent nonsense," he muttered to himself. He half tore the paper—paused—then held his hand, and threw it with some others into his escrutoire—turned the key, which he carefully secured, and proceeded with his toilet, fancying that he thought no more of the billet;—but the arrow had stricken him.

"I remember when I was at Padua, a Jewish doctor sold to me a deadly poison, which he told me if administered by half a grain a day, would send to his grave the stoutest, by a gradual and almost imperceptible decay, which no antidote could arrest, and no suspicion detect."

There was a mental movement—why it then occurred to him we have no means of knowing; such are the mysterious associations of a romantic mind.

Beatrice was in great beauty that evening, and when her husband joined her to proceed to the festive scene, he was struck by her commanding beauty and the chastened splendor of her dress. They mingled in the crowd. She was not gay, his spirits were evidently depressed.

Larinsky detached himself from his lady, but still kept a wary eye upon her; and he was rallied by his gay young friends on the uxorious watchfulness of his looks.

Beatrice did not dance, and he fancied her eye wandered in search of some person whom she did not find. Nothing remarkable occurred: the evening wore away; and they returned home with little conversation beyond what arose from the usual incidents of a gay and numerous assembly.

Larinsky could not sleep and the slumbers of his wife were heavy and restless. After a time she rose from her bed, and slowly taking up the lamp, by the light of which, for it shone immediately on her face, Larinsky discovered that though her eyes were open their sense was shut; and he now for the first time became aware that she was a Somnambulist. He arose stealthily to watch her motions. She proceeded to the adjoining apartment, where she placed the lamp on a writing table, seated herself, took up a pen, and sat some minutes in a musing attitude, as if reflecting on what she wished to write; then shaking her head mournfully, replaced the pen, and heaving a deep sigh, resumed the lamp, retraced her steps, and was soon seen by her ill-satisfied husband with her head upon her pillow in a deep sleep.

The next day's sun brought not back with it his peace of mind. Mischief is of rapid growth—"The mass," he said, "the evening mass, this I know she will attend." He feigned an absence, and made his way to the church, armed, unseen, and unsuspected to watch her movements there. After the service, she mingled in the retiring crowd, and for some moments he lost sight of her;—again in the isle, darkened by the stained glass, he thought he recognised her from, and that she was joined by a young man muffled in a cloak. Larinsky was all on fire; he dashed forward through the throng, and overthrowing in his haste some seats, the noise of their fall alarmed the mysterious pair. The lady, if it was Beatrice, vanished one way, and Larinsky, sword in hand, rushed on to arrest her companion, but his victim suddenly disappeared—how he escaped was a mystery.

Larinsky wandered forth in a state so excited that he could scarce collect his scattered ideas; doubt, suspicion, and jealousy, assailed him at once, and shook the inward man; he did not return to his house for some hours. After a distracted ramble, as he entered the corridor, two active and well known officers of justice passed him in a hurried manner: this was a new surprise upon him, and they passed so quickly that he had no time for question. He made his way to the apartment of his wife, who rose to receive him with all her accustomed tenderness and grace, and though he did not absolutely repulse her advances, he motioned her gently from him and said—

"The officers of justice have been here—they passed me at the door!"

"But they had no victim with them," cried she in a tone of exultation, "they had no victim—no—no—no victim!" and her flashing eye declared her triumph.

"I must not be suspected, Larinsky," continued she, "mine is a lofty spirit—I am a thing of mystery—I warned you of this when first we met. I am your wife, your noble, loving, free, unspotted wife—time will clear all! Then why this cloud upon your brow?"

Her words fell powerless—she spoke but to a man of stone; the demon of jealousy had possessed him—the worm that never dies was at his heart—his blood was changed to gall. The look he gave her was terrible,—she cowered beneath it,—trembled;—she became faint and staggered, and would have fallen, but that he supported her to a chair. There was a vase of water on the table—his determination had been already made—he filled a glass, and dropping unperceived an atom of the fatal drug into it, with a trembling hand and averted eyes, presented it to her: and thus in a moment of rash and senseless jealousy, the fond, the devoted Larinsky commenced the slow but certain work of death. He occupied an adjoining apartment, and with an agonised and beating heart he heard *her sob herself to sleep*!

The next day, he was summoned to the Doge's palace, and closely questioned as to the company he entertained, and the visitors he received. He endured the insolence of suspicion with the spirit of conscious innocence; returning the shortest answers, and with sullen and insulted dignity threw back with scorn the imputations on his honor. His home, so lately a heaven, has now become a hell, and he the master fiend,—with murder, which he falsely fancied to be justice, the fatal companion of his cruel thoughts. No pains were spared, no cost, no bribes withheld, no stratagems omitted, to discover the invader of his peace.

During that day, and another—and another—variously disguised, were administered the minute atoms of the deadly poison; still the fatal passion rankled in the breast of the infatuated husband, and still day by day the inroad on the health of his much injured wife became more and more apparent. Medical aid was pressed upon her by his numerous friends; and every conjecture formed by those most skilled in the healing art, on the nature of her complaint, and every remedy in vain applied.

To her husband's alienation much was imputed: the estrangement of his heart was, alas! but too apparent and too notorious, though he was not separated from her person, for he seldom quitted her sight. Yet still her proud spirit disdained to enter into explanations with him; and his ardent and desperate love having been by the alchymy of the deadliest of passions changed into hatred, he pursued his course of fatal yet tardy vengeance in gloomy silence; resolved to guard against the possession by another, of the jewel he disdained to wear.

Thirteen days had now elapsed since the still loved Beatrice had become the unconscious victim of his dreadful resolution. On this the thirteenth day, Larinsky had been called from home on some important and unavoidable business: and during those hours of absence, which his savage jealousy had made of rare occurrence, for he never quitted the room but on urgent calls, she received a communication, the effect of which seemed almost to break down her shattered and enfeebled frame.

The messenger by whom the letter was conveyed had been for several days watching an opportunity to deliver it unobserved; but such was the Argus-eyed vigilance of the spies and watchers by whom she was beset, that Larinsky was instantly informed of it. The intelligence inflamed his passions into madness, yet he still retained his self-possession; he uttered not a syllable, and resolved if possible to gain possession of the letter by stratagem. Beatrice had been in tears all day, too weak in bodily health for remonstrance or complaint, and in heart too deeply wounded, by suspicions so fraught with injustice. She sat like the monument of grief in the palace of despair!

The night drew on and proved unruly; the wind blew in fitful, fearful gusts, the lightning flashed, and peal on peal of thunder succeeded, as though the angry elements would level the palace, and bury their mouldering walls in the waves that beat against them. Beatrice was only occupied with her devotions; and bent like a drooping lily over her crucifix, fixing her thoughts on a world beyond the grave. Anon she looked forth on the troubled sea beneath her windows, and then went weeping to her bed.

Larinsky was a witness to all she did. Her weariness, her cares, and her weaknesses, were soon forgotten in deep sleep. About midnight, she rose slowly from her widowed couch, in one of those fits of somnambulism to which she had been lately subject. Beyond her sleeping apartment, and opening on the grand marble staircase, was situated her boudoir, in which were arranged her writing materials and escrutoire, which had been always considered sacred, her books, and all her little elegancies of polished life.

She was in a night-dress, which completely concealed her figure; its whiteness was exceeded by that of her complexion, through which the course of her blood in every vein was visible. Her eyes were bright and glassy, her steps measured and solemn, and, taking up the lamp, she moved toward the boudoir;—her husband, with noiseless tread was close behind her. Onward she went though in a deep sleep, opening the door into the boudoir, and like a spectre, moving to the cabinet, drew forth a key attached to her belt. Then unlocking the escrutoire, she raised an open letter to the lamp in her hand, and prepared to read. Now, thought Larinsky, now the fatal secret will be unfolded—now I shall behold the evidence of her guilt even in her own hand! His heart beat so audibly against his breast, that he feared she would hear it and awake; he advanced so close behind her that every word in the paper was visible to him—they seemed letters of fire!—They seared his eye-balls!—and they ran thus.—

"Beloved Beatrice! you, for whom I have risked every thing, you, for whom and with whom I would live and cease to live, must behold me no more. I see—I know the dreadful consequences I have brought upon you by the fatal oath in which I bound you never to reveal the secret even to your husband, of my presence in Venice, this tyrannised city. The decree of banishment you know is unrevoked, and instant death awaits my discovery; the spies of the Doge are sleepless, and I am hunted like a beast *of prey*. We have met seldom—but too often. All this and ten times more of danger, I could and would have borne whilst my plot of vengeance was advancing to maturity, but what I have brought upon you from your husband is no longer tolerable. Before this will reach your hand I shall have left Venice, perhaps forever. Adieu! a thousand times adieu!—a few days more will decide the fate of your unhappy BROTHER."

A thunder bolt would have been mercy—the scales fell from his eyes, the fatal error was disclosed, and he discovered that he was—what?—a cold-blooded, cruel, treacherous murderer—the murderer of innocence. He placed his hands before his eyes and shrieked aloud.

Beatrice awoke at the cry!—she dropped the lamp unconscious of what she did or where she was;—she rushed forward to the folding doors which opened on the back marble staircase, and pursuing her desperate course in darkness, fell headlong down some fifty steps, and was stretched a lifeless corpse, staining the marble with her innocent blood!

His outcries raised the house, the officers of justice were summoned. He was borne away a culprit, suspected of having thrown her down ————Guilty, alas! but not of that.

Repeated examinations could draw nothing of connected elucidation from him; he was removed to a place of security, and howled away the remnant of his wretched existence in a lunatic asylum!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Weep not for the Youthful Dead.

BY SAUNDERS CORNEY, ESQ.

Weep not for those who die in early life,
Who rest securely in their peaceful bed;
Far from this world of sorrow, toil and strife,
Upon their spirits now, the bliss of heaven is shed.

They leave a land of misery and doubt,
While their young hearts, as Paradise are pure,
E're yet the stain of guilt in them has wrought,
The sorrow, pain and grief, which many hearts endure.

Far, far beyond the stormy sea of life,
They dwell forever in their heavenly home;
Where sainted spirits all their joys derive,
Their bliss is now complete, their rest forever won.

Happy are they who die in early life,
Ere yet the fountain springs of spirits pure,
Are tainted by the bitter streams of strife;
Whose rapid flow brings dark and putrid waters there.

Weep not for those who in life's morning die,
They only sleep, to wake to perfect bliss;
In that bright home beyond the etherial sky,
They sing their happy exit from a world like this.

January 12th, 1840.

IMPERIAL LOVE.

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

Society, we believe, has long made up its mind as to the truth of the position, that

"Love is the soul of an Irishman!"

but that love could, by possibility, make its dwelling-place within the breast of a mighty Prince, has not been so distinctly proved. Nevertheless, those who worship an old adage, and who go about, humming "Love rules the Court, the Camp, &c." have now an opportunity of laughing at the sceptical—for the Grand Duke of the Illustrious family of Romanoff, the future Czar of all the Russias, is *in love*. With a Princess? Oh, no! there would have been no romance in *that*: the favorite of the *Heritier* is Mademoiselle Kallinowski, a Maid of Honor to the Empress Mother, and daughter to a *Polish* General of that name, deceased. It would appear that the Grand Duke has a feeling of independence on the subject of matrimonial alliance akin to that of some of his ancestors, but which his father is by no means desirous of encouraging. The circumstances which brought Mademoiselle Kallinowski to the notice of the Prince are somewhat curious. It will, however, be necessary, first to describe her: Though not what is called *slim*, she is tall, with long jet-black, hair falling over a complexion of the most brilliant olive ("fair but sunny!") and her gazelle-like eyes have a singularly soft and bewitching depth of tone. Although so beautiful, she cannot be said to be the *loveliest* of the ladies who environ the Empress, and might have passed unnoticed by the Grand Duke, but for an occurrence which drew upon her his most intense observation. An officer of the Imperial Guard, connected with the family of R—d—l, had occasionally seen Mademoiselle Kallinowski at the *fetes* given by the Empress, and had become intoxicated with passion on her account.

In Russia many *detours* are requisite in order to make known an attachment with a chance of success. These were had recourse to,—but the answer was, a kind but firm refusal to his suit. The officer being on friendly terms with the Grand Duke, avowed to him his situation and his despair, and solicited his interference.

Moved by the exceeding wretchedness of the suppliant, the Grand Duke after some demur, consented to use his influence with the young lady. He saw her—conferred with her—*first en badinant*, then seriously; and her answer was *much more* decided than before. Alas! the spell had been flung over the Grand Duke himself, with an added danger, for it was *reciprocal*! With the keen eye of a hopeless lover, the young officer quickly discovered the new turn which affairs had taken, and draughting himself into a Caucasian regiment, left the northern metropolis for the Black Sea. Inheriting the high spirit of her father (who was aide-de-camp to Murat, and brave as his master,) Mademoiselle Kallinowski thought it prudent, notwithstanding her attachment to him, to inform the Grand Duke that communion between them must henceforth *cease*. The *Heritier* was at once a prey to all the pangs of unsubdued love, and he declared that, rather than forego the society of her whom he had chosen, he would *marry* her! The affair soon came to the knowledge of the Emperor, who very laconically ordered his son to "travel and seek a wife." A list of eligible Princesses was given to him; but somehow or other he saw not, or forgot that he had seen, any one of them, and, by apparent hazard, drew forth from her modest obscurity the Princess of Darmstadt. Than this young lady a more exquisite specimen of the beauty called "*Blonde*" it is impossible to conceive; or to imagine higher accomplishments, with a demeanor more gentle, or a temper more angelic.

But, as opposed to Mademoiselle Kallinowski, she is inferior in ready and sparkling wit, in imagination, in fervid sentiment, and, above all, (where the enslaving of hearts is concerned,) in "*power of eye*."

The safety of the Grand Duke would have consisted in his remaining some twelve months longer at Darmstadt, and in his confirming an union with the Princess. To return to an "auld luve" is always dangerous, and wears something of a fatal aspect in the present instance. On arriving at St Petersburg he had a meeting with Mademoiselle Kallinowski, which appears to have wholly obliterated his remembrance of his *second* love. The Emperor Nicholas (a most amiable warm-hearted man, in spite of all that has been asserted to the contrary by malevolence and ignorance,) has forborne, affectionately, and tenderly throughout this matter, as far as was consistent with his station; nor has he in any case undervalued the nobility of feeling so apparent in the breast of the Grand Duke. At the same time, the marriage of the *Heritier* with a *Polish* lady of any rank whatever could not, after all that has transpired, be permitted to take place; and therefore the Grand Duke was commanded to "*return instantly to Darmstadt*."

He set off; but having reached Zarskojeselo, determined to proceed no further. There he remains. Now, all having been prepared at Hesse Darmstadt, and in the face of Europe, for the reception of the Grand Duke as the affianced of the Princess, what is M. Brunow to do?—He has witnessed a lavish expenditure in the decoration of the Palace, so as to make it worthy of his young master's next visit; he has seen the portrait of the Princess *reduplicated*, and in every window as bride elect; he is an accredited agent but *diplomatist* he can be no longer, for his "occupation is gone!"

The Grand Duke, too? His situation is truly a dilemma,—divided, as he is, between a *twofold love* and an imperiousness of duty. How will all this end? We have a shrewd conjecture, and no doubt each of our readers has one of his own. *Jules Janin* should write the story of "*Two loves for one heart*;" it would be much more attractive than the one he has already given to the world, for it would be founded in nature, and in *truth*!

Saturday Morning Post.

EDITED BY
G. R. GRAHAM & J. S. DU SOLLE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1840.

☞ Two Pages, under its present odious and proscriptive, shall be pitilessly dealt for the *Family Journal*. It shall not contain paragraphs, with the report of which a father would not wish to have his daughter familiar. It shall never call the book of Psalmody a "collection" or furnish material for the growth of a vicious thought—With this view it will ever be found, and condemn the Corpus vs. Thurston as unique submitted to expose the most wicked of all kinds of mind—to receive of which, none descending in language, and degrading in sentiment, is fast.

Terms.

☞ FIVE DOLLARS in advance remitted to this office, *free of postage*, will pay for the Saturday Morning Post for *three years*: or for *one copy* of the Philadelphia Casket and Post of the Post for *one year*.

☞ SEVEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will pay for two copies of the Post, and two of the Casket for one year.

☞ TEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will be received for three copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

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☞ THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is made up of *entirely original articles*, with rich engravings, and highly *colored fashions*. It is printed on a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and constitutes an ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable family companion.

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☞ Specimen Numbers will be sent gratuitous to forward to such subscribers as desire it, the Casket for 1839, in a handsomely bound volume, with gilt edges, for TWELVE DOLLARS; or in good leather binding, entirely plain, for SEVEN DOLLARS and a half. It contains *twelve splendid* engravings, and makes a handsome book for the Library or Centre Table. Those who wish the work will please forward their orders early.

Impress the Mind.

"American nobility is of the mind," says Professor Follen, and we believe that with him that nobility, the institutions of our country could not be long sustained. The turbulent waves, would soon be spurned, and the licentiousness of the mob would trample over the virtuous exertions of the friends of order. If the supposition of some of our worst statesmen be true, that social disorganization, and lawless principles are being rapidly disseminated in this country, and if our only refuge from the storm is in the *virtue*, the intelligence, and the patriotism of our sons, how important the duty of the press to instil into the minds of the young men,—the rising hope of our country,—the importance of severe mental discipline. We are sometimes pained with the reflection, that in a city like our own, abounding with advantages to the rising generation of mind, every means and incentive, to ardent study, to the honorable of our sons, that their evenings should be spent in the maddening intoxication of locations and parties, or prostituting their intellects, instead of bathing them in the pure fountain of knowledge and reason, and preparing for usefulness and honor on earth, and happiness in heaven.

What a glorious prospect do the heroes of our country view of the valor of the aspiring, the ambitious, the virtuous young man, who will devote his leisure hours for many or few —to the cultivation of his mind, or in endeavors to be prepared to act his part nobly on the theatre of life. The young man who has labored faithfully from morning till night, may plead the necessity of relaxation, but he should remember that his mind, his immortal mind, has a claim, and his country too, never to be cleaned by a sincere well wisher of himself. Nothing tends more to accelerate labor than a cheerful, animated mind, and he must find that the least desire for knowledge, can be so, with out daily food. It will prey upon itself, and must be subject to unhappy, unprofitable moroseness and idleness, with a train of miseries, quickly follow in the rear, and the final effect may be to subject the mind to ruin. We should light the torch at the sacred fire, and scale by night, the mount where science should her light, and parting after labor, with an ardor and zeal to be extinguished feel an influence that will invigorate and exalt the mind, and ennoble and dignify the man.

The hopes of our country are the birthright of her sons, and whether the race is always to the swift, or the battle to the strong, the lists are open to all, and the meanest may be favored with the exertions of any. Some hours of every week, if not of every day, should be devoted to reformation and study by the young Mechanic or Merchant, and those whose habits or occupation are strictly sedentary, might with a short walk pass their evenings agreeably, by an attendance upon some of the lectures of the day.

To rush young men of this city, as may have their evenings otherwise, their own disposal, we would call attention to attendance upon the reading rooms and lectures of the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia Institutes. The reading room of the latter, already stocked with a splendid library, and now located in every young man of genteel deportment, and studious habits. The Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, a gentleman of great powers of oratory, delivers the lectures on the evening of each week, before the young men of the Institute, and no young man can wish to sit under a better tutor. The lectures of the Pennsylvania Institute, located at the corner of Eighth and Chestnut street, are delivered, we believe, gratitiously by gentlemen of eminence in their avocations; and they may be truly termed the benefactors of the rising generation.

The Committee of gentlemen who have fitted up the rooms of the Philadelphia Institute, have done so at much expense, and solicit the attendance of the young men of the city, and ask no other return than a decent and orderly behavior on the part of the visitor,—and we hope that no young man who wishes to strike for a high intellectual character, will permit himself to be engrossed with the vulgar enervating pleasures of the evening hereafter, in inglorious indolence, or criminal ease, while the fountains of knowledge are open and spread before him. Let his memories that the hey-day and the hilarity of youth will soon pass away, and that when he places his foot upon the stage of active life, that he must be prepared to act his part with honor or inevitable disgrace must ensue. The pleasures which now intoxicate will pall upon the senses, and the delirium incident to the follies of the present, will be succeded in the august future, with the *deserved retribution* of wasted hours.

The Letters of E. A. Stevens, Esq.

This gifted young gentleman delivered a lecture on Tuesday evening, before the Good Will Library Company, at their Hall in Race near Broad Street, on the subject of "The Importance of the Mind." We need not say it was elegant—with his abilities it could not have been otherwise. It was dating united for novelty of thought, felicity of language, and nature of delivery.

The Value of Money.

The following goes far to show the real worthlessness of money in existence where it exchangable character is not maintained.

Capt. Manchester, the Pilot of the Lexington, states, that having but one bucket on the forward deck, in hail water with, the passengers hunt the heads of the spoke logs in, emptied the money out, and used the logs in the place of buckets.

Sun...day Mail, &c.

The religious portion of Philadelphia, has for a few weeks past, been all but the ordinary business and excitement of life, in the regular attendance upon divine worship. It would seem that a new spirit, is about among christians of this city. "The Lord is in his holy temple," is heard daily, as the members of the church are seen by hundreds seeking the sanctuary. The countenance of many a citizen wears a staid and solemn aspect, and no evidence passes in public of the stage of the men of business, as he rushes on in wild haste to be rich, while, for an instant, he seeks to enquire the cause, as then dashes heedlessly along. There is a pause, too, in the pulse of vice and dissipation, and a repulsion in the atmosphere of the city. The Rev. Mr. Kirk has been conducting a series of revivals in the different Presbyterian Churches, and has been winning all hearts to his cause, by his glowing eloquence and fervid piety. He is a man of talent and great powers of endurance. For several weeks he has delivered two sermons a day, and he appears to finish and as ardent now as when he commenced. His speaking is just of the kind, too, to wear a man out. Nervous, ardent, and declamatory, he brings all the powers of his mind to bear upon the consciences of all the members of a pulpit orator. With a mind naturally strong and bold, disciplined in the severe school of the law, and as easy and graceful elocution, he fixes the attention of the audience with the very first sentence. His propositions are laid down with the precision of a mathematician's demonstration, and as he proceeds, his positions are so simple, yet forcible, that his hearers assent in which appears to be

GENERAL NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.*—Joseph Redue, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue, for the port of Chester, Md. from the 6th inst. when his late commission expired.

J. R. Hardenberg, Surveyor for the district of Perth Amboy, and Inspector of the Revenue for the port of New Brunswick, N. J. from the 6th inst when his late commission expired.

Hiram Perry, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the port of Albany, N. Y. from the 6th inst when his late commission expired.

Benjamin Stiles, Collector of the Customs for the district of Hardwicke, Ga. from the 6th inst. when his late commission expired.

Thomas Nelson, Collector of the Customs at Richmond, Va. from the 6th inst. when his late commission expired.

John Dangerfield, Jr. Collector of the Customs for the District of East River, Va. from the 13th inst. when his late commission expired.

James Dell, Collector of the Customs for the District of St. Johns, Fa. from the 13th inst. when his late commission expired.

INCENDIARISM.—On Monday evening the 6th inst. the extensive hay press of Mr. Abraham Hardick, in Stockport, N. Y. was consumed together with his cider mill, and about 160 tons of hay in bundles. About three o'clock the same evening the barn of Mr. Cornelius Hardick, situated about a mile from his brother Abraham, was discovered to be in flames, and was soon entirely consumed. Both fires the work of an incendiary.

TEXAS.—The President of Texas has published his proclamation, warning all citizens of that country from all attempts to invade Mexico. The officer who joined the federal forces has had his name struck from the army roll, and his troops have been erased from the pay list. The young republic seems determined to preserve her amicable relations with Mexico.

TEXAS TREASURY.—The special report of the Secretary of the Treasury, gives the following estimate of expenses for the ensuing year. Civil, $276,520; civil contigent, $71,000; naval, 550,786; military, 559,533; mail transportation, 40,000; previous liabilities, 449,818. Total, $1,947,657; the expected receipts are, from customs, $400,000; direct taxes and land dues, 500,000; lot sales in Austin and Calhoun, 400,000. Total, $1,300,000.

A CAUTIOUS LOVER.—A popular preacher of Mississippi was engaged, not long since, to a beautiful and rich widow lady. On Christmas day they were to be united, when the preacher asked for a postponement, on the ground that the lady's estate was not yet settled up, and he wished to know beforehand whether she was insolvent or not. The lady, enraged at this conduct, dismissed the gentleman entirely. Great indignation is felt at the affair in Jackson, Miss.

ARTIFICIAL GRANITE.—Experiments are making in England, of forming pathways of artificial granite, said to be a composition of mineral, animal and vegetable matter. It is the invention of M. Harcourt, a French gentleman. The composition is poured out boiling hot on the gravel, with which it amalgamates. In a few minutes, it becomes, cold, and hard as the hardest stone—and looking like a finely polished block of black marble.

THE BOUNDARY TROUBLES NOT OVER.—Gov. Boggs, of Missouri, has issued a proclamation, in which he dissents from the resolutions passed by the Legislature of Iowa, and adopted by the County Court of Clark County, to suspend hostilities until the 1st day of July next; he further calls upon all the officers of the State, civil and military, to exercise their respective duties to their full extent, in conformity with the laws of the State.

EXTRAORDINARY MUNIFICENCE.—The Lowell Institute in Boston was established by a legacy of near $300,000 in the will of the late Mr. Lowell, the interest of which is to beannually expended in free public lectures. Professor Silliman has been engaged for five years, to lecture, at a salary of $2000. It is said that upward of 15,000 persons attended the 350 different literary lectures in Boston last year, at a cost of $12,000.

COUNTERFEIT FIPS.—A man named Bridges was tried in New York last week for aiding in counterfeiting coin of the value of 6¼ cents, by making and selling the die for coining them. He was acquitted because fips are not made current by the laws of the United States. The Court, however, announced that there was a statute of the State, which made the offence criminal.

WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.—The catalogue of this Institution, (at Hudson, Ohio,) shows the number of undergraduates to be 63. The preparatory department contains 33 pupils. The whole number of graduates since the opening of the college has been 51. The Faculty are thorough scholars and energetic men.

THE RAILROAD DISPUTE.—A committee of five gentlemen has been appointed by the Company to proceed to Washington city, to endeavor to enter into some arrangement with the Post Master General for carrying the mails between Philadelphia and Baltimore.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS.—The steamboat Alabamian was recently sunk in the Mississippi, near Shreveport. The steamboat William Wallace, which had been hauled up at New Orleans for repairs, on the 4th inst. slipped off the ways into the river, and almost immediately filled.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.—It is said that the resolution of Mr. Penniman will speedily pass both Houses, amended so as to make the Banks resume within thirty days from its passage, instead of the 1st of February as it was originally drawn.

NEW WORKS.—New works of fiction are in the London press, by Chas. Dickens, Fennimore Cooper, G. P. R. James, the author of "Sam Slick," Theodore Hook, Mrs. Gore, Gleig, the clerico-militaire, Mrs. Trollope, and Ainsworth, the author of Rookwood.

SUSPECTED MURDERER ARRESTED.—From the Orleans papers we learn that the old man who was assaulted in a flat boat near the Red River, has since died, and a man named James George Clark, has been arrested as the murderer.

READING CARS.—We learn that but one train of cars will run between Reading and Philadelphia for the present, leaving the former place at 1½ P. M. and the latter at 6 A. M. in connexion with the different lines of stages.

GOLD SAND.—A company is forming at Lisbon for collecting the gold-bearing sands of the Tagus at Espichel, and buildings are already erecting at the latter place for that purpose.

A SINGULAR DISEASE, which affects the head, and is rapidly fatal, prevails in Currituck county, N.C. Eight persons died in one neighborhood in a few days.

NEWSPAPER ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.—The New Brunswick (New Jersey) Times, one of the oldest newspaper establishments in that State is offered for sale.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—The whole, or one half, of the "New Orleans Commercial Bulletin," is offered for sale by its present worthy proprietor.

GEN. P. R. R. PRAY, Judge of the High Court of appeals of Mississippi, died a few days since. He had filled many important offices in the State.

ESCAPE FROM PRISON.—The City Prison, Mobile, was broken open on the 18th inst. and a Lyncher and a thief escaped

FLORIDA.—Gen. Taylor has commenced operations in Middle Florida, advancing from Tallahasse in three columns.

YEAST.—Yeast is said to be a powerful remedy in putrid fevers.

MOBILE.—On the 1st instant, an unsuccessful attempt was made to fire Mobile.

FROM MONTEVIDEO.—The Peruvian, Captain Wooten, has arrived at New York from this place. The Courier and Enquirer learns that the ex-President with his forces, was within one day's march of Montevideo, and had been in that position during a week, from which we infer that the engagement, which at our last accounts, it was expected would take place, between his forces and those of the existing Government, had not occurred—or if it had, the latter had been worsted. An attack on the city was expected every day: martial law had been proclaimed, and every preparation made to repel an assault.

The blockade of Buenos Ayres by the French Squadron, continues without any diminution in its severity.

FROM MONTEIVIDEO.—Accounts from Montevideo to Oct. 20th state that reports were in circulation that Gen. Rivera, with his army, had crossed the St. Lucia River, with the intention of attacking the invaders. A general battle will probably take place shortly. Half a dozen carts, with about twenty wounded men, arrived in town on the 19th.

AN EXPRESS FROM CANADA.—We perceive that the public journals in the various sections of the country, regard with no little interest the recent movements in Washington and elsewhere, with regard to the North Eastern Boundary Question. We have already alluded to the language of Mr. Buchanan, to the memorandum of Sir John Harvey, and to the supposed character of the report of the British Commissioners. The National Gazette of Tuesday says:—"In reference to this subject, we may remark that an express from the governor general of Canada, with despatches for the British minister at Washington, arrived in this city last night in the very short time of five days from Toronto, U. C. and proceeded to Washington in the railroad line at 8 o'clock this morning."

THE NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—The Augusta, Me. Age, of Tuesday, contains the following paragraph:

"We understand that Gov. Fairfield has received, in reply to his letter to the President of the 23d ult. a letter from Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State—by which it appears, that prior to the reception of the Governor's letter, the President had received information from another quarter, of the late movement of the British troops upon the disputed territory, and had immediately made it the subject of representations to the British Minister at Washington, who is now in correspondence with the Colonial authorities, upon the subject. A further reply is soon expected by the Governor.

SUSPECTED PIRATE.—Captain Bailey, of the whale ship Zenas Coffin, of Nantucket, arrived on the 14th inst. from the Pacific, reports that he saw about the 1st inst. off Bermuda Islands, two vessels on fire, one a ship or a brig, the other a schooner, about twenty-five miles apart, with a suspicious looking schooner near them, which Captain B. supposed to be a pirate and to have set the vessels on fire. Captain Anderson, of the brig American, arrived at Boston on the 12th, reports Dec. 26, lat. 28 42, long. 67, passed a sharp new brig; judged her to be American built, and her crew to be Spanish; a man was on the look-out from the foretopmast head.

GEN. JACKSON'S ARRIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS.—General Jackson arrived at New Orleans on the 8th inst. and was received with much cordiality. The whole population turned out, a procession was formed, and every thing passed off in a creditable and appropriate manner. The arrangements were carried into effect under the directions of a joint committee, appointed by the Legislature. The City and State authorities, military, members of the bar, and various associations, joined in the *cortege*.

THE MOCK PARSON CAUGHT.—The fellow who has been lately imposing himself off on the keepers of boarding houses in Washington city as a parson, and who generally left the place in a hurry, after having examined the boarders' trunks and appropriated the better portion of their contents, has been arrested, at last, and committed to prison. He is a young man about 21, and gave his name as W. H. Martin, stating that he was a watchmaker, and from Philadelphia. In his pockets were found twelve keys, of different sizes.

SHIPWRECKS.—The schooner Experiment, Captain Walton, from York River, whence she sailed 21st December last, with a cargo of wheat, bound to Petersburg, dragged ashore on the Dog Shoals, (James river) on the 23d following, in a heavy gale from E. N. E. and on the 3d inst. while lying ashore was cut through by ice, by which the vessel filled with water.

The schr. Willow, Robertson, from Baltimore, with corn, bound to Boston, went on shore on Lynn Bar, near Cape Charles, on the 29th Dec.

AN EXPLOSION.—The fireworks manufactory of D. Moran, in Madison street, New York, was blown up on Monday evening. The fire was accidentally communicated from a lighted cigar, in the hands of a young man who was about to purchase some fireworks. The building, which was of wood, was blown to atoms. Three individuals were in the store, neither of whom were seriously hurt, except Mr. Moran, who was considerably burnt.

PASSING COUNTERFEITS.—We learn from the West Chester Record that two individuals, named Andrew Leslie and Isaac White, were brought to the jail in that county on Saturday last, on a charge of passing counterfeit money. Notes of two or three denominations, on the Banks of Delaware and the Northern Liberties, were found upon them, to a considerable amount.

A SLAVER.—The Br. schr. Skipjack, on the 3d ult. brought into Montego bay, Jamaica, the Portuguese brig Ulysses, which was captured off the Isle of Pines, after a chase of twelve hours, with 539 slaves on board. The master, Fernandez, a Portuguese, escaped, with thirteen passengers, chiefly captains of captured slavers, and six negroes, taking with them $8000.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS.—The Steamboat Wallace, hauled up at Algiers to undergo repairs on the 4th inst. slipped off the ways into the Mississippi, and filled. Several persons sleeping on board fortunately escaped. The steamboat Alabamian was sunk recently on her way from Shreveport between that place and Natchitoches.

ARSON.—John C. Haslitt, was arrested on Monday, in New York, charged with wilfully setting fire to his premises. The grand jury found a true bill against Haslitt at the present session, and his arrest was by virtue of a bench warrant. The prisoner declined saying any thing in answer to the charge, and was sent to the city prison.

ARREST OF A PIRATE.—Thomas Allain, who was sent to New York some time since, from Liverpool, in the Howard, for having committed piracy on board the General Parkhill, and who escaped from the Howard at quarantine, has been captured in Savanah.

EXPLOSION IN NEW YORK.—A small wooden shed in Madison street, near Roosevelt, occupied by a pyrotechnist, blew up on Monday evening with a tremendous noise.

DESTRUCTION AT SEA.—During the past year 442 vessels were totally wrecked, and 537 lives lost, besides 37 vessels reported as missing, the crews of which are also supposed to be lost.

WINTER STRAINED OIL.—A whale made his appearance in the harbor of New London, the other day.

LAW MANUFACTORY.—A New Orleans paper speaks of the State Legislature as a great law manufactory.

A WESTERN "CITY" SOLD.—The "city" called Wheeling, in Branch county, Michigan, was recently sold for *one dollar*, to pay the taxes.

WE PITY HIS ACQUAINTANCES.—The Sheriff of New Orleans has cleared $250,000 in *three* years.

ANOTHER PAPER.—The "Evening Chronicle" is the name of a daily penny paper lately commenced at Boston, by Mr. R. W. Griswold.

PRICE OF FLOUR.—City Mills flour at Baltimore, $5.75.

Flour at Wheeling on the 17th, $3.10 and $3.20 per bbl.

Flour is selling in Pittsburg at from $3 a $3.25 per barrel. Wheat will not bring over 50c.

RUMORS.—Sir George Arthur, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, has resigned, and will return to England immediately. General Samuel Houston, ex-President of Texas, has been killed, in an affray with a member of the Texan Congress.

SUICIDES.—Mr. Robert Yearsly, of West Town, Chester county, committed suicide on Wednesday last, by hanging himself. A colored woman in West Goshen, about three miles from West Chester, committed suicide on Sunday night, by taking laudanum.

HANDSOME BUILDING BURNED.—The splendid mansion of General Van Ness, about three miles from Washington, was entirely destroyed by fire on Saturday morning at 4 o'clock. It was elegantly furnished, and was used by the general as a summer retreat.

PERFECTLY RIGHT.—The New York Signal has drawn black lines around the name of *Captain William Terrell*, to show that, by his inhuman conduct, he has expunged himself from all sympathy with his fellow beings.

HON. H. A. WISE.—Mr. Wise, of Va. is dangerously ill, and his friends say is not expected to recover. His disease is Bronchitis, which has been greatly aggravated by the active part which he has taken in the House.

DEATH BY A FALL.—A respectable lady near Charlestown Village, slipped upon some ice near her mansion door, and fell, so that her head struck the stone steps, and she died in a few hours. Her name was Nyce.

GREAT FIRE.—The stone cotton mill, at Attleborough, Mass. owned by Draper and Tift, and the machinery and stock by Samuel Slove, of Providence, was consumed last Wednesday. Loss $12,000—insurance 10,000.

BURNT TO DEATH.—The New Haven Palladium states that Mrs. Submit Foot, aged 74 years. was burnt to death, at her residence in Northford, on the 2d instant, by her clothes taking fire.

THE BRITISH QUEEN.—The British Queen has now been out 21 days from London, and nearly 20 days from Portsmouth. She was not heard from when our paper went to press.

PROMPT AND RIGHT.—The President has given instructions to the Collector of the port of New York, to enquire minutely into the late disaster of the Lexington.

NO IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—A bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, passed the Indiana House of Representatives, on the 6th inst. by a large majority.

COLD WEATHER.—A black man was frozen to death at the Green Tree, in Willistown, on Thursday week.

CONSUL TRIST.—The New York Dispatch states that at the last dates Consul Trist was still at Havana.

BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.—The New York Courier has an engraved plan of the scene of the recent steamboat disaster.

A HEAVY FAILURE.—A failure of a great cattle dealer at Baltimore, is rumored. The amount is stated at $1,000,000.

SETTING FIRE TO A HOUSE.—John O. Haslett has been convicted at New York of arson in the second degree.

MAIL ROBBER CAUGHT.—A supposed mail robber, named Wm. H. Madger, has been arrested at Chicago.

DEBT OF NEW YORK.—The State Debt of New York is $13,626,693.

DEATHS IN NEW YORK.—Deaths in New York last week, 117.

CHURCH DEDICATION.—The new Presbyterian Church in Trenton, was dedicated on Sunday last.

Lamentable Death.

Mr. Thomas Kirby, of the firm of Kirby & Miller, of Galena, Illinois, committed suicide in Baltimore, on Thursday night last. He was led to the act by the refusal of the mother of a young lady, to whom he was betrothed, to assent to their marriage.

The Post mentions that the attachment of the young lady to Mr. Kirby almost bordered on idolatry—and that since the fatal event she has been almost distracted:

"She demanded to see the corpse, and refused to believe that her lover was dead; she would not listen to the solace of those around her, and at length under the hope that her mind would be appeased, her desire was reluctantly complied with; she was conveyed to the house, and led to the apartment where the deceased object of her maiden love lay in the cold embrace of an unnatural death. A scene ensued which the pen cannot describe—the poor girl clung to the cold remains, and called by every endearing epithet her loved one to return—she clamored for the life that was gone, in tones of language which a day before would have borne him to "the high top-gallant of his joy." Alas! it availed not now, the cold brow was stern and motionless; the lips arched not with their wonted smile; and the glassy eye had retreated to the chamber of its long repose.

"He was dead. The cold conviction stole upon her heart, and the distracted brain wearied itself with unavailing woe. It was at length found necessary to remove her by force, and she was borne home in a most distressing state of insensibility."

Queen Victoria.

It is said that Isadore, the Queen's hair-dresser goes to Windsor from London, every day, to dress the Queen's hair. A trip of twenty miles back and forward!

The Gotha Court Almanac for 1838 (published in 1837) contained two portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert. Rather early!

One of our contemporios remarks, that, considering that Queen Victoria is by no means a handsome woman—in fact, no more than "a boarding school miss," if you divested her of her rank, it is surprising what a number of men have lost their senses about her. Fancy an undersized lady, with fair hair, very light eyes, no color, and perpetually parted lips, and ask if it be likely that she would be a heart-breaker. Yet how many have been in love with her! One was a Mr. Stockledge, a Manchester tea dealer, who climbed over the high iron gates, leading to Windsor Castle from the Long Walk, marched up to the Castle, demanded admittance as King, insisted on having access to his Queen, and was conducted into the Castle and handed over to a policeman. He said that he was King of England, that he wanted a wife, and was looking after the Queen. The poor man has a wife and family in Manchester. He had been twice in a lunatic asylum, and has been remanded to a like place. The other case was that of a Mr. Carey, of the Floating Bath at Westminster Bridge. He was found in the House of Commons, and insisted that the place was Buckingham Palace—that he was King of England—and that the Queen had summoned him. He was also insane.

After the lady is once married we presume all this nonsense will cease. At least it is more than likely, her subjects will begin then to find out that she is not a whit lovelier than themselves.

Two Mayors.

Some of our city papers are urging the abolishment of the office in this city of Recorder. They aver that it is a sinecure. That the incumbent has no duties to perform save those which are the legitimate property of the Mayor; and that hence it is idle to waste a heavy salary to pay an individual for services which another is hired, and bound by his oath of office, to execute with equal promptitude and fidelity. We do not know how it is. The agitation of the matter however, will probably bring out the truth.

The Lexington.

But little remains to be added to the sad history of the loss of the Lexington. Besides the five bodies recovered by the Steamer Statesman, that of Hempstead, the chief engineer, and Job Lands, the waiter, which have been taken to Southport, four bodies have been picked up on Long Island shore; making eleven of the dead in all recovered, besides four of the living.

Fifteen bodies out of 125! Various trunks and packages have been picked up. Most of them have been broken open and plundered by the wreckers and wretches on Long Island; and of similar facts we shall have true statements and idle rumors for a month to come.

The following names have to be added to the sufferers:—Mary Russell, of Stonington, Conn.; Geo. Bronson Smith, Brooklyn; Mr. Green Minot, Maine; Joseph Ray, mate of the Bohemia, of Kennebunk, Maine; Thomas Bleecker, Dedham, Mass.; J. Wilken; Gilbert Martin; John Wyeth; John Marshall, of Glassworker.

An inquest was held on Sunday upon the bodies brought in by the "Statesman." The testimony elicited went strongly to criminate the inspectors of the boat. One of the New York papers calls loudly for dismissal. Their names are Bunker and Todd. The Grand Jury of that city are in session and it is thought that the whole matter will receive an immediate investigation.

Capt. Wm. Terrell, master of the sloop Improvement, was with his vessel within 4 or 5 miles of the Lexington at the time she commenced burning, and thinks if he had immediately repaired to her assistance, he would have been able to have saved a great number of lives. The reason he gives for not doing so is, *that he would have lost his tide over the Bar* to the Port to which he was bound, and accordingly pursued his demon-like course, leaving upward of 100 persons to die the worst of deaths.

The circumstances of this unparalleled cruelty will be hereafter more clearly exposed, and will receive its merited deserts.

We abridge the following touching incident from the New York Despatch:

Around the upper part of the body of a child brought to the city was found a green veil, partly burnt. In this circumstance we find the last act of that passion which ceases only with life—a mother's love.

The ages of terror that passed in the few hours antecedent to the deaths of the sufferers are more painfully described in this little evidence of a mother's care for her child, than in volumes of description. We can read in it her retreat to the last corner of a plank upon the wreck which would yield a support to the horror-stricken passengers, at the greatest distance from the devouring fire; we can see the child's face buried a moment in the bosom which had yielded a sufficient shelter against all its apprehensions of danger, previous to that awful night. The terrific screams of the weak, and the more violent despair of those who were cast down from fancied strength to conscious impotence—the confusion of the appalling scene, and the certainty of un-

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

To Emma.

EMMA, would that I might C
If such a name could be
And tell my troubled bosom B
E'E and calm once more.

I E'Y vault those happy hours,
That came in blest B A.
When U'for me rolled tears o'ever fervor
And said they'd live for EV.

Twas but an M'Y tale U told,
As I too plainly C;
For now your II both dolt and cold,
Wrap'm they rest on me.

X M'Y well my wounded heart,
Nor pay my hapless fine;
Your F'T might, if ever endured,
My groans X M'O.

U CURSE me—and
By it no pow'r is I;
But, M. A. S'ant I B'S placed
In sorrow, by sadly.

I oft have dwelt with X T C
Upon your lonesome lore;
Your absence, now none but U'rs to me
Than gloom through the room.

Alas! U' query my D'F, and so
I'll marry Molly Mey;
And we will go to O'LU,
Or else to I O U.

Then fare ye well, U fickle 1,
I can't say W—
But after all is said and done,
My Mull is Stale, U!

I'll put a U my breast—
U know what for;
And when I close my II, to rest,
I'll think A. Sweet—good by!

TEN.

Bet.—At the meeting of the Artist's Benevolent Society, Sir David Wilkie in a single sentence said more in praise of Dickens, and more to the purpose, than any of his thousand-and-one critics. "He has made," said Sir David, "a kind of Doric of our vernacular." This is a kind of picturing which we scarcely expected the great artist to excel. But, in truth, Wilkie is a good speaker, we cannot describe him as eloquent; but he has a firm, fine voice, sufficient self-possession, and a vein of humor in his manner, and, of course, a large and comprehensive mind. The materials which make an orator he therefore has: and it is more than probable that if he had been early called upon to exercise this art, instead of that of which he is a master, he would have attained distinction in it. In true 1 is, according to the highest authority, that "Genius is nothing more than a large mind accidentally directed into some particular channel."

Cash-Meeting Anecdote.—At a cash-meeting a member of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said, "I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew that they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down." This sentence had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into seats. A young minister, standing behind him, and thought to the disciples, said, "O, brother, how could you say that?" "Say that," said the old gentleman. "It is a fact—if they had'nt holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on !"

Recipe.—Major Noah furnishes the following recipes for the tenantry:

Spread raw cotton about one quarter of an inch thick on a piece of flannel, sufficiently large to cover the part affected; then sprinkle a little of the flannel, to cause it to remain spread. When applied it will produce relief in a very short time. Toothache proceeding from decayed teeth, has been frequently cured by filling the cavities with cotton.

He adds.

Common colds may be cured, by boiling together a half pint of milk, a tea spoonful of black pepper, and a small lump of butter; to be taken on going to bed—a bed exposed to the open air at nights. A pleasant beverage and certain cure.

Singular Interposition.—A lady had a tame bird, which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, and while she was always before shewed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her apron to a table. The bird, which was much alarmed for the fate of her favorite—and on turning about, instantly discerned the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room:—After turning it out, her eyes can came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without doing it the slightest injury.

Song to Rote.

My eyes! how I love you,
You sweet little dear you—
There 's no one where you
Most beautiful Kitty!

So glossy your hair is—
Like a cripper or a fairy!
And your neck, I declare! is
Resembling a prity!

Gaze German your nose is,
And your cheeks are like roses—
So delicious! O Moses!
Surpassingly sweet!

Not the beauty of beiges,
Nor the down of soft pidge,
Can compare with your two lips,
Most beautiful Kate!

Not the black eye of Jane,
Nor Minerva's of blue; no,
Nor Venus's two knees,
Can equal your own!

Oh! how my heart prances,
And frolics and dances,
When its radiant glances
Upon me are thrown!

And now, dearest Kitty,
It 's not very pretty—
Indeed it 's a pity
To keep me in sorrow:

So, if you 'll but choose it,
We 'll have done with our rhymes—
Swap Cupid for Hymen,
And be married to-morrow.

Apothecaries Conscience.—It has been said that apothecaries have no conscience; but here is an instance to the contrary. In the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin, a person came forward to qualify for going bail to a writ issued for twenty pounds. "Are you a householder of what profession he was?" He answered, an apothecary. "By virtue of your oath," said Mr. O'Connell, "is your conscience worth 40 shillings over twenty pounds?" Galen hesitated, out at length said, "I think I shall be able to make free hundred pounds out of it."

Gratitude and Fatherism.—A very poor and aged man, skilled in planting and grafting apple-trees, was rudely interrupted by this interrogation; "Why do you plant trees—You cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised his head, after leaning on his spade, replied, "Those one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the succession of my gratitude may live when I am dead and gone."

Last Cheddar Lambs.—Most of our readers may remember, that a few years ago it was currently reported that Lady Caroline Lamb, then in a moment of passion, struck down one of her pages with a stool. When Tom Moore was told of this by Lord Stranghord, he said, "Oh! nothing to be more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page."

A Good Reason.—Mrs. Frim, before her marriage with a worthy alderman of that name, was a widow with a large fortune; and her name was Hogg. One evening a few days after their marriage, her she liked it. "Oh, very well indeed," said she. "I sold my old Hogg for a good Frim."

From the Monthly American Magazine.

Memoirs of Jean.

BY R. S. ARDT.

"This morning we were surprised by the appearance of a bouquet on one of our window-sills—Napoleon, decked with violets, and primroses at my feet. It is delightful, indeed, with me to carry into New York a flower with them, which I have gathered in England." Extract from Journal of the First Voyage to America in the United States.

Oh! dear to me this gift shall be
These lovely flowers from my own fair land;
By a gentle soul are thoughts they bear
To the violet heart and the primrose mind;
Though plucked on the woman's kidney land,
Our hearts return to the scenes of home,
And our cherished friends and our paternal bears
Arise at the sight of these English flowers.

Let us long delay their final days,
Let us cherish their fleeting bloom;
Freshness, when a few brief days are o'er,
We may hand one print to another show,
And sorely all shall mourn the loss
The transparent scenes of modern days.
When flowers called England's Englund's sky
Shall made in America see they die!

And these flowers a moral may convey—
To strangers we have not our equal way,
Let us hear to them the feelings kind
That we have in the land we left behind;
From yonder desire and magnings flee,
May our memories join in unity,
And may days of friendly trust be ours,
Foretold by the made of these English flowers!

From Tait's Edinburg Magazine.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF A SCOTTISH EMIGRANT,

IN THE MIDDLE STATES OF AMERICA.

LETTER I.

On the morning of the 13th of November, 1826, I rose from the bed of Echnion Sheets, gunsmith, Bethel Valley, Hampshire County, Virginia, and looked out, when I looked about me, I beheld little nook of terra firma, of the bulk of about twenty acres; terra firma beyond all dispute, not being able to slip into the water; and the stony ridges which bounded it on all sides—the only doors for bipeds and quadrupeds being at the three ends. The population of this little world, the Echnion Zebulon, consisted of the miller and family, and a turner and his family, and, to a central position, for the convenience of the population of the neighbouring valleys, contained in addition, an Episcopalian chapel about size enough to hold an ordinary sized church organ.

Last night I had been entertained upon to take a ride through among the hills, to see and collect subscribers for the Bethel Valley Academy. In my part, I could not see where the scholars were to come from, there were so many hills; but Mr. S. not doubting the result, after a hearty breakfast we mounted our horses. My friend was mounted on a hearty gray animal, and I on a little black pony, bristful of laziness—so much so, that no kicking nor coaxing of mine could make it budge a foot faster than a walk. This was a praise-worthy qualification in my eyes; but not so in that of my Virginian friend, who, being a noble rider himself, as all the Virginians are, could not be bothered waiting for me. The result was, that I and the black pony were soon left first; and whenever there was the least appearance of flagging, a smart application of a heavy whip on the rear made all things right again. I can give you little or no description of the day's ride, as we made so many windings and doublings as if we had been hunting hares instead of scholars; and even now, after knowing the country a great deal better than I did then, I could not, to save the life of me, tell what mountains we passed over, nor what valleys we descended into. Suffice it to say, it was a new kind of travelling to me; and I am now tolerably happy in being able to say I escaped without breaking my neck—a process I was more than once afraid the trip would certain of undergoing. If I had been a hill-country Virginian—naturally born and brought up upon horseback—or, if I had had any practice in fox hunting—literal in it, dog hound—it is very probable I should have thought nothing of the matter; but I had not had the advantage of such a thing. I had not yet got over the effects of my Newcastle barber, and there was I again, with my head three or four feet higher than usual, and by my whole body, for anything I knew, one thousand feet above salt-water level. But for the water level I cared not much, as there was little danger of my tumbling into the sea; it was the horrid land sailevel I dreaded; rock after rock met our way; and how to get down was beyond conjecture. That could not be done by the body, and puny, in the lump—three valuable articles—a thing not once to be thought of. The only way that I might have been there in this day, supposing upon the possibility or rather impossibility of descending at all, if (crack) the everlasting whip had not put an end to all reasoning upon the matter, and my pony's instinct in a most admirable manner. To be sure, it was applied to the best of purposes; and I cannot wonder at this; but although anatomists and physiologists had never spoken one word about the matter, as they have a right to do, the whole of the instinctive merriment of my two companions. I have said, that I recollect little of this day's ride; but it will be long my friends in Scotland be good an idea of this part of Virginia as I can, they will canvise me if I give them one or two more trifling incidents—which I happen to remember connected with it. Indeed, the road, of my observations time for have been of a trifling character; and, in all probability, those that are yet to come will partake of the same frailty; but it must be remembered that "trifles make the sum of human things;" and the kind reader must also bear in mind, that he cannot be forgive me, if I should sometimes, like the worthy mayor, begin my speech at the wrong end.

Bethel Valley, in shape bears a striking resemblance to the letter Y: so, after leaving Mr. Sheets's house, we travelled down the tail; and at the foot, crossed a small stream which runs through the valley, and up the left hand branch a tannery, and immediately afterward a half-ruinous house, which they said was the abode of a hermit: and a hermit he himself and family must be brought us to rather a decent home, accompanied by a one-mill, wood-carding machine, and essential appendages, belonging to a Mr. Shook, said to be one of my patrons. As Mr. Sheets was a gunsmith, and his two daughters, the one a miller, and the other a turner, it will be easy to see, without my telling you, that this family must have had rather a manufacturing air about it. After leaving Mr. Edwards's, where we stayed a little, a few more miles brought us to the little town on the same creek I had wasted yesterday—about a mile further up, and which I now crossed the same bridge. After passing through another few woods, we struck upon the ridge or ridges, called Bear Garden: and here my memory fails me, as we made so many backs and turnings, and all so much alike, that I cannot form an opinion on our homeward voyage, we struck through a gully into a small deep valley, having some resemblance to a lime-kiln, or, to describe it more accurately, to the crater of an extinguished volcano. Its sides were not exactly perpendicular, but sufficiently so to allow you to call rapidly downward for some hundreds of feet, if you and your horse were so inclined. Our road sloped downward toward some outlet further down, and was not much more than a foot broad, and was by repeated use for a foot or more, leaving a kind of bottom on the trembling side. We had to proceed rank and file, like a caravan of males among the Arabs; and I, of course, on the forlorn hope, with the horsemanship ability immediately behind me. My head was nearly swimming; but, nevertheless, I got on pretty well till, all at once, I made a dead halt.

"Hilla! stop, gentlemen—the road's ended—don't whip."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Why, here's a rock no mortal's fit to go down."

"Nonsense; get along."

"No, indeed; it may be nonsense; but down it or homebush I'll go for neither friend nor foe."

The obstruction consisted of a rock, which caused the road to take a new knee five feet lower than that we were on. I was now on the brink of it, and, mounted on horseback as I was, the view to me was terrifying. To leap it was altogether out of the question; so I got off my pony the best way I could, and slipped down by myself, leaving the animal to get down the best way he could. On looking up to see how matters were proceeding, I saw the horse sitting on his haunches like a dog, with his head far above me in the air, and his fore-feet placed on the very edge, ready for more convenient action. The sight was too much; and expecting, if he escaped breaking his neck, that he would come galloping along the same narrow footing, with one swerve, step, and break mine, I took to my heels; nor did I stop until I had put a respectable distance between him and me. How he got down I know not, and, when I looked about me, I saw nothing trotting along before the whip, as usual. We got home, at length, after, to me, a fatiguing but satisfactory day's work.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Learning.

BY PHILIP F. STUBBS.

The torch of Love shade brilliant light,
Upon life's path to sorrow's night;
And sweet the smile that Beauty gives,
And sweet the Warrior's crimson wreath;
And Gold can make the palace beat,
And fire the Minstrel's heavenly lay,
The sweet to grasp the wand of Power,
And voice of Eloquence to move;
But Learning sheds a brighter gleam
Than Love's alluring, transient beam;
And gives a sweeter, richer wreath
Than Beauty, and more free from guile—
Restores a happier, purer home
Than Conqueror can dare to claim,
And Poet's noblest strain might can rob!
It stays the pulse with wilder throb,
And fires with purer flame the heart,
Than Indus in it e'er could start!
It gives enjoyment purer far
Than all earth's sensual pleasures are,
It flows with joy beneath the wave,
And on the storm it rides—in air;
Where earth's barrels deep it propels—
It serves when life has but its hopes!
It marks the path the meteor shall trace,
And marks midst stars, without a cloud,
It tells the course of comets—Time—
And stays the billows of the main,
Alert it flies through space of Thought
To know what may be passing there!
It digs its wings in heaven's expanse,
And with 't on mountains lightnings dance;
It tells the sand from things that be,
And never with it is Darkness found;
It flies the earth from zone to zone,
And tells the world's Almighty's where!

PULPIT SKETCHES.—No. VIII.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Rev. Mr. Searle.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, large as it now is, had its first germ in the piety of a few humble persons. It is one of the most striking of the vast influence a single man may wield.

The beginning of the last century, was England's most degraded era in her moral condition. The same licentious spirit which was corroding out the heart of France, and which years after, in thousands of the poorer classes of society, and then began that great work of reform which has been the means of saving more than one nation from destruction. He began to preach earnestly at its base, and in purifying that he purified the whole edifice. The church of England itself profited by his teachings. Society, wherever the English tongue is spoken, is far more moral now than it was a century ago. That change is chiefly to be attributed to these immortal men.

The Rev. Mr. Searle had a congregation the richest Methodist congregation in the city. Many years since they purchased one half of the old burying ground in Fourth street, which they levelled down and replaced with a neat and even beautiful structure. The ministers in the denomination are appointed every year by the conference to their charges. Mr. Searle officiated in the Academy for nearly two years. He is tall, of a fine form, with a mild, expressive countenance. His voice is clear, musical, and when powerful to a high degree. His style is plain, unadorned, instructive and full of the soundest evangelical truth. Here is none of that tinsel and gaudier for many popular speakers. The arrangement of the subject too is clear, the expression direct and strong, and of the finest selection of a deep pathos running through the whole. He is very useful in his pastoral functions, always ready to lend the sustaining, and follow the departed to his last home. Such are the principles of pulpit excellence, perhaps in this humbler sphere the chief power of the pastor lies.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Shorter Sex's Answers.

O! talk to me of love no more,
The last an idle theme;
It tells of what is past and lost,
And hopes that are are none.
An oath is broken, and its scars,
It only pictures to anguish.

O tell me not of early flowers,
They are not for me now;
And wake their memories on the ground,
Before the dew is dry.
How fond a thing is you sweet flower,
Withering and dead in one short hour.

O tell me not of bright days,
Beneath a summer sky
When I was with you shades
Where leaves breathe their sigh.
They have no charms for one like me,
Where hopes are blasted as the tree.

O never, never breathe to me
The name of Friendship dear;
It only kills where it should heal
And brings forth sorrow's tear.
That name has been the false one's lure
That all in life could ever be.

Then talk to me of Love no more,
Nor flatter Beauty's power;
Not cypress chaplets, nor Friendship's vase,
My heart's sore to them.
But tell the tale of Heaven,
Where all past sins can be forgiven.

PHILOMATHEAN. MARIA.

Love's Wiles.—"Pity me, sir.—At Dollar, in Scotland, some years since, a marriage was consummated between Mr. John Mossey, a gallant swain of sixty-six, to Miss Alexia Good, a blooming spinster of sixty. It appeared they ultimately attained "the lesson whom they would be," after a courtship of thirty-nine years, which time was assigned on by love's tireless concern. No comic is assigned for the delay, but we expect he had an idea that Miss Good, like wine, would become better by age.

Shadows.

BY T. DUNN BATLY.

Of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?
From the Mayday pastime returning,
He shakes not the merry laugh.
But the tears of his old eyes drop,
As he looks on the young and gay;
And his grey head nearly does droop
Keeps time to the air they play.

The elders around are drinking,
But not one cup will he quaff;
Oh, of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?
The new wish a vain repining,
That the old man sheds a tear,
The zest for his strength declining;
He sighs not to be here.

There's a spell in the air they play,
And in the old man's eye-sun dim,
For it calls up a past Mayday,
And the dear friends lost to him.
From those scenes before him shrinking,
From the dance and merry laugh,
Of these calm repose he is thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff.

SKETCHES OF THE BAR.—No. VIII.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

John Cadwalader, Esq.

There is no such difference in the various departments of the law, as there is in the talents of its professors, or the education they have passed through. Thus one is the property lawyer, another the conveyancer lawyer, another a nisi-prius lawyer, and another a criminal-court lawyer. One practices in the district court, and confines in the court of common pleas, one in the equity or orphans' court, and another in the quarter sessions, and one looks it in the supreme court with the others "lingo intervallo" harangue amid the cries of the criminal court. But as to John Lyle is an antithesis,—and why should a lawyer's life be any exception to the rule?

We advertise to the youngest members of the bar who were first rising up to fill the places of those "who pass away." Among their number we rank John Cadwalader, Esq. and a more urbane and courteous gentleman it is not our lot to remember to have ever known in the profession. He is that small, cheerful looking man, with the dark hair and black eyebrows, and that warm smile ever playing like sunlight upon his face. He is always smiling, or joking, or laughing. He is besides a most pleasing, strange, and we devotee to his profession. He is one of the few men at the bar who love the law, the hard, dry, repulsive law, for its own sake alone. He has studied it profoundly, and is thoroughly conversing every dusty and moth-eaten folio, from Lord Coke down, digging a point from precedent to precedent for the first seventy or more year book, illustrating the spirit and developing the reasons of the common law by the histories of the time, and filling it with the most valuable ideas of the present day, by a large infusion of authority from the laws of the Roman Empire. Few men of his age are more thoroughly read in the letter of the old "register" and the science of the writ. He has the reports at his bidding, he seems ever ready with his array of authorities.

In speaking he is always in mild, pleasing, clear, argumentative, convincing. His oratory is neither splendid nor sublime, neither fervent nor bold, but distinguished by profound thought, strong research, and a keen insight into the subject matter of the debate. Do what you may you cannot call him an able, or a powerful, or an eloquent. He never forgets, even in the most exciting moments, that he is a lawyer and a gentleman, and therefore never betrays himself into those violent bursts of feeling and of passion with some of our barristers "tear a passion to tatters" almost every day.

From the Ladies' Companion.

The Neglected Poems.

BY ELIZA DAVIS.

There are spirits of good and spirits of ill,
That wait on the steps of man;
Some are known in his secret thought,
And others in his open plan.

And others on dreams when the senses sleep,
The soul tongue the soul away;
And then the spirits of good and ill
Their world contends the sway.

They would quench the light of the spirit's day
And leave the mind in shade;
Is the cause of a guardian angel's care,
With a power he had through the hardest of storm,
And whisper the cause to banish.

Come, rock it with dread, I fall asleep,
When I cannot find a sigh where grandeur reigns d,
I was built by the sea, on a rocky steep,
By the rocky shore where the billows chase d.
And there were sounds of revelry there,
With scenes of mad riotry,
Such sounds as the sailor loves to hear,
And whisper the cause to banish.

Come, rock it with dread, I fall asleep,
When I cannot find a sigh where grandeur reigns d,
I was built by the sea, on a rocky steep,
By the rocky shore where the billows chase d.
And there were sounds of revelry there,
With scenes of mad riotry,
Such sounds as the sailor loves to hear,
And whisper the cause to banish.

Then, all at once, a cry was heard—
That the waters were rising—the sea was swelling,
The edges of the cliffs, and the thunder roared!
From startled sleep, in their concave dwelling.
The ocean tore, and the clouds gave way,
And the lightning fell with a constant blast,
Then brighter than noon of a summer day,
And it fell on the beach with stronger power,
A cry went forth—that the seas had burst,
The cry of terror, and the cry of despair,
And maidens seized on the people's maids—
Cannon were shrieked and Hopelessly spoken!

Then pathetic, then, with a thunder bend,
Hurled tempest down on the stripped ground,
And the ocean rose as it did at first,
And I heard a voice—a heard a voice!
I felt that the day of doom was then,
And I cried to the Lord for help!
That horror visited from the type of sin,
And I heard a voice—a voice from the skies,
Which seemed to say, "Be not afraid!"
Amidst the crash of the noted earth,
The tumult, the roar of the foaming sea,
I heard a voice like a trumpet's note,
"So would it be without Deity!"

An Invitation to Dinner.

It was observed that a certain overseer felt no select never invited any to dine with him. "I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him."

The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to this rich man's house, about the time he was known to sit down to dinner, and tells the servant that he came to see his master immediately, for that he could save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry, who says he can save you a thousand pounds."

Out comes the master.

"What is that you say, sir—that you can save me a thousand pounds?"

"Yes, sir, I can—but I see you are at dinner; I will go myself and dine, and call again."

"O pray, sir, come and take a dinner with me."

"Sir, I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all!"

The invitation was accepted.

As soon as dinner was over, and the family rose, "Well, sir," said the master of the house, "now to our business. Pray let me know how I can to save this thousand pounds?"

"Why, sir," said the overseer, "I hear you have a daughter in disposse of in marriage."

"I have."

"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds."

"I do so."

"Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I'll take her with the money dismissed."

The master of the house rose in a passion and turned him out of doors.

Palatable Pun.—Hogarth's natural propensity was strongly inclined to merriment, even on the most trivial occasions. In one of his cards, requesting the company of a friend to dine with him, there was a circle to which a knife and fork were the supporters—within the circle, the invitation was written, and in the centre of it was drawn a pie. The invitation of the artist concludes with a play on three of the Greek interjections, viz. pa,—*ea a bit of a pie.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Poetic Garland of Julia.

Here has given a charming description of a present made by a lover to his mistress; a gift which romance has seldom equalled for its gallantry, ingenuity, and novelty. It was called the Garland of Julia. To understand the nature of this gift, it will be necessary to give the history of the parties.

The beautiful Julia d'Angeanne, was in the flower of her youth and fame, when the celebrated Gustavus, king of Sweden, made a visit to Germany with the most splendid success. Julia expressed her warm admiration of this hero. She had his portrait placed on her toilette, and took pleasure in declaring that she would have no other lover than Gustavus. The Duke de Montmeier was, however, her avowed and ardent admirer. It was some time after the death of Gustavus, he sent her as a new-year's gift, the *Poetical Garland*, of which the following is a description.

The most beautiful flowers were painted in miniature, by an eminent artist, one Robert, on pieces of vellum, all of an equal size. Under every flower a sentiment was given in the form of a madrigal on the subject of that flower there painted. The duke solicited the wits of the time to send in their productions in the form of poems, reserving a considerable number for the effusions of his own amorous muse. Under every flower he had an madrigal written by Chapeauman, N du Jarry, who was celebrated for beautiful writing. It is decorated by a frontispiece, which represents a splendid garland composed of the most beautiful flowers; and in the turning the rage, a Cupid is painted. These were magnificently bound, and inclosed in a bag of rich brocade. Julia was a valuable acquisition; and to her she knows where to be born—then Sled.

Heat is Soon.—A claimant in Albany, a few days ago, ejaculating on the late discoveries in electrical science, observed that he had never been found in possess a considerable degree of heat. An Irishman present at this remark, observed, "Faith and your honor's right enough, for I am sure I have often heard you say you were a long time in coming to a point." Which was true enough, for it is on record that he was once two years in making a speech. The Irishman was a little surprised at the result of his observation, but he could not help laughing at the same time.

The Inheritance of Principle.—Dr. Johnson, when speaking of a person who maintained that there is no difference between virtue and vice, said, "Why, sir, if the Other be not think so he speaks, he is lying, and I see not what honor he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar." Sir, says he, "which is the way to no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our house let us count our spoons."

The way to Speak.—A gentleman on a visit to a distant town, was desirous of going to church, taking a walk before breakfast, met a pedestrian who inquired from him the way to the township of Speke. "Sir," says he, "which is the way to Speke? I'm going, not knowing such a place, hastily replied, "Why, man, open your mouth, to be sure."

Metempsychosis.—The Chinese have a notion that the soul of a past passes into a grasshopper because it sings till it Starves.

Eternity.—A gentleman visiting the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, asked one of the pupils, "What is eternity?" and received for answer, in writing, "It is the lifetime of the Almighty."

Hearing and Eyesight Restored.—Peace to Other Pages. Mr. Pilcher.—There is a man residing in Cumberland County, who has received the most striking help in these cases.

By taking his advice people will find themselves immediately getting well, as many getting cured that they'll almost be a new born babe.

They'll almost be at a loss to know what to do, having still kept their eyesight and ears, which is having still kept their eyesight and ears, which is having still kept their eyesight and ears, which is